

THE AUGUST MAGAZINES.

"THE GALAXY." The August number of the Galaxy, which has been received from Turner Brothers & Co., has the following table of contents:—"Put Yourself in His Place," by Charles Reade—chapter 21, with an illustration; "Feathered Life," by John Burroughs; "The Rose, the Cloud, and the Oriole," a fable without a moral, by T. W. Parsons; "The Race for Commercial Supremacy in Asia," by Richard J. Hinton, with map; "Susan Fielding," by Mrs. Edwards—chapters xxiv, xxv, and xxvi; "Prince Napoleon," by Justin McCarthy; "Mineral Waters," by John C. Draper, M. D.; "Glimmering Gap," by J. T. McKay; "Matthew Vassar," by John H. Raymond; "How They Keep House at Compeigne," by H. T. Tucker; "On a Cast of Tennyson's Hand," by Thomas Grant White; "The Age of Baroque," by the Times; "Henry J. Raymond and the 'Williamsburg Dinner Party,'" "Drift-wood," by Philip Quillibet, containing "Going to Rome" and "Affability;" "Literature and Art;" "Nebula," by the editor.

A fac-simile of a letter from Charles Reade is given, which is to the following effect:—"The publishers of the Galaxy pay me a liberal price for 'Put Yourself in His Place.' If I were a mechanical inventor, instead of a literary inventor, this payment would secure them the sole legal right."

"In the present intentions, partial, barbarous, and unchristian state of law, it only secures them a clear moral right. But I hope all respectable publishers will respect that moral right, will put themselves in their place, and will forbear to reap where they have not sown."

"CHARLES READE." Mr. Justin McCarthy gives the following sketch of Prince Napoleon:—

Born of a hair-brained, eccentric, adventure-seeking, negligent, selfish father, Prince Napoleon had little of the advantages of a home education. His boyhood, his youth, were passed in a vagrant kind of way, ranging from country to country, from court to court. He started in life with great natural talents, a strong tendency to something not very unlike rowdiness, an immense ambition, an almost equally vast indolence, a deep and genuine love of arts, letters, and luxury, an eccentric, fitful temper, and a predominant pride in that relationship to the great Emperor which is so plainly stamped upon his face. Without entering into any questions of current scandal, everybody must know that Napoleon III. has nothing of the Bonaparte in his face, a fact on which Prince Napoleon, in his earlier and wilder days, was not always very slow to comment. Indolence, love of luxury, and a capricious temper have, perhaps, been the chief enemies which have hitherto prevented the latter from fulfilling any high ambition. It would be affectation to ignore the fact that Prince Napoleon flung many years away in mere dissipation. Stories are told in Paris which would represent him almost as a Vitellius or a Caligula in prodigality. Some of which simply transcend belief by their very monstrosity. Even to this day, to this hour, it is the firm conviction of the general public that the Emperor's cousin is steeped to the lips in sensuality. Now, rejecting, of course, a huge mass of this scandal, it is certain that Prince Napoleon was, for a long time, a downright marvellous subject; it is by no means certain that he has, even at his present mature age, discarded all his evil habits. His temper is much against him. People habitually contrast the unvarying courtesy and self-control of the Emperor with the occasional brusqueness, and even rudeness, of the Prince. True that Prince Napoleon can be frankly and warmly familiar with his intimates, and even that, like Prince Hal, he sometimes encourages a degree of familiarity which hardly tends to mutual respect. But the outward cannot always rely on him. He can be diplomatically rough and hot, and he has a gift of biting jest which is, perhaps one of the most dangerous qualities a statesman can cultivate. Then there is a personal restlessness about him which even princes cannot afford safely to indulge. He has hardly ever had any official position assigned to him which he did not some time or other scornfully abandon on the spur of some sudden impulse. The Madrid embassy in former days, the Algerian administration, the Crimean command—these and other offices he only accepted to resign. He has wandered more widely over the face of the earth than any other living prince—probably than any other prince that ever lived. It used to be humorously said of him that he was qualifying to become a teacher of geography, in the event of fortune once more driving the race of Bonapartes into exile and obscurity. What port is there that has not sheltered his wandering yacht? He has pleasant dwellings enough to induce a man to stay at home. His Palais Royal is one of the most elegant and tasteful abodes belonging to a European prince. The stranger in Paris who is fortunate enough to obtain admission to it—and, indeed, admission is easy to procure—must be sadly wanting if he does not admire the treasures of art and gems which are laid up there, and the easy, graceful manner of their arrangement. Nothing of the air of the show-place is breathed there; no rules, no conditions, no watchful dogging leaguers or sentinels make their visitor uncomfortable. Once admitted, the stranger goes where he will, and admires and examines what he pleases. He finds there curiosities and relics, medals and statues, bronzes and stones from every land in which history or romance takes any interest; he gazes on the latest artistic successes—Dore's magnificent lights and shadows, Gerome's adonious nudes; he observes autograph collections of value inestimable; he notices that on the tables, here and there, lie the newest triumphs or sensations of literature—the poem that every one is just talking of, the play that fills the theatres, George Sand's last novel, Renan's new volume, Taine's freshest criticism; he is impressed everywhere with the conviction that he is in the house of a man of high culture and active intellect, who keeps up with the progress of the world in arts, and letters, and politics. Then there was, until lately, the famous Pompeian palace, in one of the avenues of the Champs Elysees, which ranked among the curiosities of Paris, but which Prince Napoleon has at last chosen, or been compelled, to sell. On the Swiss shore of the lake of Geneva, one of the most remarkable objects that attract the eye of the tourist who steams from Geneva to Lausanne, is La Bergerie, the palace of Prince Napoleon. But the owner of these palaces spends little of his time in them. His wife, the Princess Clotilde, stays at home and delights in her children, and shows them with pride to her visitors, while her restless husband is steaming in and out of the ports of the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, or the Baltic. Prince Napoleon has not found his place yet, say Edmond About and other admirers; when he does he will settle firmly to it. He is a restless, unmanageable idler and scamp, say his enemies—unsuitable as water, he shall not excel. Meanwhile years go by, and Prince Napoleon has long left even the latest verge of youth behind him, and he is only a possibility as yet, and is popular with no political party in France.

Strange that this avowed and ostentatious democrat, this eloquent, powerful spokesman of French Radicalism, is not popular even with Democrats and Red Republicans. They do not trust him. They cannot understand how he can honestly extend one hand to Democracy, while in the other he receives the magnificent revenues assigned to him by despotism. One might have thought that nothing would be more easy than for this man, with his dashing, his ambition, his brilliant talents, his commanding eloquence, his democratic principles, and his Napoleon face, to make himself the idol of French Democracy. Yet he has utterly failed to do so. As a politician he has almost invariably upheld the rightful cause, and accurately foretold the course of events. He believed in the possibility of Italy's resurrection long before there was any hope of it. He has been one of the King's earliest friends of the cause of Poland; he saw long ago what every one sees now, that the fall of the Austrian system was an absolute necessity to the progress of Europe; he was a steady supporter of the American Union, and when it was the fashion in France, and when in England, to regard the independence of the Southern Confederacy as all but an accomplished fact, he remained firm in the conviction that the North was destined to triumph. With all his characteristic recklessness and impetuosity, he has many times shown a cool and penetrating judgment, hardly surpassed by that of any other European statesman. Yet the undeniable fact remains, that his opinion carries with it comparative little weight, and that no party recognizes him as a leader.

Is he insincere? Most people say he is. They say that, with all his professions of democratic faith, he delights in his princely rank and his princely revenues; that he is selfish, grasping, luxurious, arrogant and deceitful. The army despises him; the populace do not trust him. Now, for myself, I do not accept this view of the character of Prince Napoleon. I think he is a sincere democrat, a genuine lover of liberty and progress. But I think, at the same time, that he is one of the vices of Alcibiades, and some of the vices of Mirabeau; that he has the habitual indolence almost of a Vendome, with Vendome's occasional outbursts of sudden energy; that a love of luxury, and a restlessness of character, and fretfulness of temper stand in his way, and are his enemies. I doubt whether he will ever play a great historical part, whether he ever will do much more than he has done. His character wants that backbone of earnest, strong simplicity and faith without which even the most brilliant talents can hardly achieve political greatness. He will probably rank in history among the Might-Have-Beens. Assuredly he has in him the capacity to play a great part. In knowledge and culture he is far, indeed, superior to his uncle, Napoleon I., in justice of political conviction, he is a long way in advance of his cousin, Napoleon III. Taken for all in all, he is the most luckily gifted of the race of the Bonapartes, and what a part in the cause of civilization and liberty he might be played by a Bonaparte endowed with genius and culture, and faithful to high and true convictions! But the time seems going by, if not gone by, when even admirers could expect to see Prince Napoleon play such a part. Probably the disturbing, distracting vein of unconquerable levity, so conspicuous in the character of his father, is the marplot of the son's career, too. After all, Prince Napoleon is perhaps more of an Antony than a Cesar—was not Antony, too, an orator, a wit, a lover of art and letters, a lover of luxury and free companionship, and woman? Doubtless Prince Napoleon will emerge again, some time and somehow, from his present condition of comparative obscurity. Any day, any crisis, any sudden impulse may bring him up to the front again. But I doubt whether the dynasty of the Bonapartes, the cause of democratic freedom, the destinies of France, will be influenced, much for good or evil, by this man of rare and varied gifts—of almost measureless possibilities—the restless, reckless, eloquent, brilliant Imperial democrat of the Palais Royal, the Red Republican of the Empire—the long misunderstood, and yet scarcely comprehended Prince Napoleon.

From a rather gushing article, entitled "How they Keep House at Compeigne," we quote as follows:—

At last you are in the house, and in your rooms, and as dinner is punctual at seven, you can rest yourself, take a bath, arrange your hair nicely, put on a little, very little, perfume; will select from among your clothes such as you think will make a favorable impression, and in due time will appear in the grand salon, to make that impression. There are collected the various guests, and if you are a lovely woman, you will for a few moments be totally absorbed in the many-colored and perhaps fancifully-cut dresses which have been devised to make their favorable first impressions. At first you will forget about your own schemes in that direction, in the absorbing interest of silks, laces, gloves, and flowers. But, alas, then you will—if of an over-sensitive nature—you will reflect that you are outdone, that there are more startling colors and more fancifully-cut dresses than yours, and, forgetful of the proprieties, you may be betrayed into giving your skirts a petulant twitch, which, let us hope, may gracefully dispose the soft, falling folds. The evening is upon you—what will you do, how will it go? Can you enjoy it? You know some, you speak with them, chat with them, laugh with them. The Emperor and Empress pass about informally and easily; they say pleasant things. No state secrets are whispered, so far as you can hear. The Empress asks about America, if you are an American, as I hope you are—indulges in a little enthusiasm, wonders if Niagara is as great as they say, if the prairie is as wild, the caves as profound, the Indians as wild, the white men as restless as she has heard; then, perhaps, she imparts a great desire to visit America, and wishes General Grant would extend her an invitation! You say, perhaps, that he would but be too happy to welcome her to his quiet house—and then you wonder if he would; that simple tanner-farmer, soldier-President, who seems to have no instinct for show or grandeur. You wonder how the housewife Mrs. Grant would impress the Mistress of Compeigne. You wonder, but you do not urge her to come, as you have no instructions from Mr. and Mrs. Grant to that effect.

By-and-by the Mistress draws away from the throng, and takes with her a few gentlemen most often. Who are they? Counsellors, judges, senators? No; they are probably travellers, or writers, or inventors, or benefactors, or men with plans. She is curious, anxious to learn; she asks questions; she draws them out; she suggests, she objects, she approves; she is learning, she means to know all. What a task! Who would be an

Empress! To know all? How impossible! Let me hope that she is sometimes entertained, for what horror to be always instructed! She is interested, she listens, she charms. For what may not come of it, if your truth or your project shall bourgeois and grow in the mind of the gracious Empress, partner of the astute potentate who holds in his hand the lives and the labors of fifty millions of Frenchmen?

You wonder, you dream, you hope, and you are charmed with this woman, who, in all her beauty and greatness, listens and understands. Dear ladies, queens of hearts, see how she fascinates, and do as she does, and so become Empresses in your own way.

Mr. Richard Grant White, in his paper on "The Age of Baroque," gives the following interesting reminiscences of Rachel and Sontag:—

I have known very few actresses. Although not without opportunities of knowing them, I can reckon my acquaintances among the ladies of the stage almost on the fingers of one hand. It has merely happened so—to my great loss, I do not doubt—although my limited observation has confirmed what is said by those who have known many actresses, and known them well, that there is no peculiar charm in their affections, no certain freedom from restraint that makes intercourse with them easier than it is with purely domestic women. A clever and successful actress is generally a charming woman, with her womanhood slightly dashed with the open-hearted freedom of a good fellow, and the ease and repose of a man of the world; the womanly weakness and graces being, as a counterpoise, a little more pronounced in her than they usually are. But beyond wearing the rite of their sex with this slight difference, actresses are just no other women; as fond of admiration, covetous of the attention, and given to their tributes to their charms no more addicted to extravagance in dress or to luxurious living—for which, indeed, they very rarely have the means at their command; no less gifted with all the peculiar virtues—may, the very domestic virtues of their sex; as true in their friendships as other women are, and as pungent in their hatred; as selfish and as unselfish; and as ready to sacrifice themselves to their love of duty. They are somewhat more frank and simple in their manner than the women of society, and generally, I believe, more generous; ready, as a rule, to give to others and to work for others who have no claim on them, but need and a common profession. The services done to each other by actresses, out of pure kindness and good nature, and the help that the successful ones give to the unsuccessful, more than atone for the professional jealousy for which they are noted, but in which they are not peculiar.

More women as they are, with a slight excess of the more womanly traits of character, they are subject to more obloquy and misrepresentation than any other class of people. They excite the envy and not unfrequently provoke the jealousy of other women, who resent and wonder at the admiration they receive from "all the men," an admiration often accompanied by a lively interest on the part of men who have and who seek no personal acquaintance with them. But the reason of this interest is merely that they are devoted to giving pleasure. It is their daily occupation to enliven, to stimulate, to delight. They do this in the eyes of the world. They spread their nets in the sight of many birds, and not in vain. With one glance they wound hundreds, and with the self-same smile they captivate tens of hundreds. The domestic woman practises as with a rifle, or, at most, with a double-barrelled fowling-piece, bringing down her man here and there, but an actress scatters her charms into a crowd, out of a blunder-buss. Her fire is rarely so fatal as that of her more concealed, sharp-shooting sister; but she kills more, and makes a great deal more noise about it; and once in a while she, as well as the other, gives wounds that last a life time. Some man, not of her class, more than a transient admirer, feels either shares a great happiness or grieves over a great sorrow, or makes good use of the exults in her conquest, and utilizes it, and makes all she can of it in reputation and in tribute, just as if she had been brought up in the conventional atmosphere and under the self-denying precepts and examples of the best society. In either of these cases she is sure to be denounced as a harpy, a man-trap, a white sepulchre; and very virtuous women, who are laying, or who have lain snares to catch rich men, and get such a legal hold upon them that they may drain their purses all their lives, sneer at the mercenary views of a hard-working actress who accepts the eagerly-proffered pleasure, and, perhaps, the material benefits with which some admirer is glad to lighten and decorate the burden of her laborious life. If only the women who are without sin in this respect were to cast stones, how many actresses would be stoned to death?

The freedom with which the private conduct and the character of actresses are spoken of by those who have no knowledge of them is one of the tolerated vices of society in the first place, their conduct in private is proper subject of public criticism. If I ask to be received into any circle of society, the members of that society have the right to pass judgment upon their morals and their manners; but not otherwise. Their private relations are matters to be determined by their own sense of propriety; and the right to demand, not only that nothing shall be said of them that is untrue, but that no man shall say that of them that he does not know to be true. Yet I have been an involuntary listener to stories about actresses, related with great particularity, when every assertion of my professional informant was directly at variance with the fact, as I knew of my own knowledge. And I have not unfrequently heard that told, with reckless indifference, of those ministers to the world's pleasure, for telling which, even if it were true, the teller deserved to be struck dumb.

Among the half-dozen actresses whom I have known, two, who are no longer living—Sontag and Rachel—left impressions upon me, as women, that I am sure will never be obscured by time's attrition. Both were of humble birth, and both were remarkable for the distinguished elegance of their manners, but with this difference: that Sontag's charm, and her grace, were more in private; while Rachel, who behind the scenes was the ideal of a queen or a great lady of the old school, in private, although courteous and well-mannered, showed the stamp of her origin and her profession—how, I cannot tell, but there it was, unmistakably. Sontag, if she had been born Countess de Rossi, or, for that matter, De Montmorenci, could not have shown in her personal bearing nobility of a higher, simpler type; but on the stage she was surpassed in this respect by the Jewess, who, as unable in private to conceal her breeding as her race

showed yet upon the stage the command and the graciousness of those who are born in the purple. Saying this, one day, to the late eccentric Count Gurovski, I was pleased, and not surprised, to have the curt reply, "Ouff! Rachel is the only grande dame on the stage." Sontag, when I knew her, was a mature woman, and my senior by many years; and yet, notwithstanding this, and a knowledge of the world besides, that showed itself in all she did and said, and which rivaled that of her gambling husband, she seemed to me to diffuse around her all the influence of youth. A freshness as delicate as the first perfumes of early spring was hers, an unaffected softness of manner, that had the gratefulness of balm, and its virtue. She had the tenderness and crispness of youth, without its greenness. I have rarely met a girl of seventeen so young as Sontag was at forty-five. I have said nothing of her beauty; for that was well known to all men. And when I saw it still preserved, I then first recollected that I had heard of it before I was old enough to know what woman's beauty was; but I had not heard of her hand, which was beautiful enough to worship, as we may worship all perfection. And this woman, so beautiful, so winning in her ways, so charming as a singer and an actress, was also clever in the most attractive form of female cleverness. She talked well, without sentimentousness and without learning; and she had humor, as much as becomes a truly feminine woman. I shall never forget her description of the pompous dullness of the dinners and the evenings at the country-houses of English noblemen and gentlemen to which she was invited, after her marriage with Count Rossi and her retirement from the stage. The essays in gallantry of men who had been fox-hunting or shooting all day, and who came home tired and hungry to get themselves up in festive apparel, and to eat a heavy dinner and drink heavy wine, were not much to her taste; although, if she were half as lively under their infliction as she was in describing it, she must have been a priceless creature amid all that dullness. Only one indication of her humble origin and of self-consciousness escaped her. I happened to mention that I had followed a procession, in a large city, for the purpose of observing the people called out by its passage, and that I had found the prettiest women among those in the lower conditions of life.—"Ah," she said, slightly dropping her eyelids, "it is always so." Her sudden death in Mexico was generally attributed to poison, her husband, it is said, having thus avenged himself of her love for a tenor singer who was in their company. I have never believed this story. Count Rossi may not have been too good a man thus to relieve himself of a woman who, by her own exertions, had restored him, in a great measure at least, the fortune he had wasted; but she loved the unworthy husband for whom she labored.

Rachel talked more of the stage and of literature than Sontag did. She made an admission to me one evening that was surprising. She had been playing "Phaedra," with grandeur and great power over the emotions of her audience, but she spoke to me, with a naturalness that she never surpassed on the stage, of her weariness of French tragedy, of its sentimentality, its prosiness and its stilted verse. "Oh that I had learned English, that I might play Shakespeare! but now it is too late." "What are you not satisfied with Racine, or even with Corneille?" "No; Corneille has moments, and one can make something out of Racine by much study of the best parts." I complimented her upon her "Phaedra," which, although an unpleasant character, seemed to me that gave scope for fine acting. "Yes, I have an opportunity of doing something; but that boy," waving her hand as if "Hippolytus" were present, "what does he do but spout nonsense! And that old man with his monster" (referring to Theramene's description of the death of Hippolyte), "and all the rest—how stupid (bete) it is! Give us Shakespeare."

If this was a delicate compliment to a man of Shakespeare's race, and a student of his works, it was a very elaborate and superfluous one. I am inclined to think that it was not so; but a genuine expression of opinion and feeling which she might not have been willing to avow to a Frenchman. She was right as to her capacity. To see her play "Cleopatra" or "Lady Macbeth" would have been worth a voyage to Europe. She was born to play—perhaps with the capacity to be—"Lady Macbeth," and, except her black hair, to lead the wife of Cawdor, who, I do not doubt, was just such a like, spiritual, alluring female fiend as she; or perhaps bright, and sunny, and sweet, and surely yellow-haired, like Lady Thompson, who herself has capacity for tragedy in the fine lines of her face. As for those big, black, bony "Lady Macbeths" that stalk about the stage and stare out of pictures, they might drive a soldier to seek death upon the field; but they could tempt him neither to marriage or to murder.

The last time I saw Rachel to speak with her was on the occasion of her last appearance in the full possession of her powers. I was in Boston, and she played "Adrienne Le Coeur." Of course, I did not miss that performance, and it was unusually firm and finished, even for her. It seemed to me as if she were playing it for her own delight, and that she gave herself up to the impersonation of the unhappy actress with such abandonment of self that she really suffered the pangs she simulated, and inflicted them upon her own soul with a fierce joy. Walking in the lobby, between two acts, I met the manager, Mr. Barry, who soon asked me if I was acquainted with Miss Rachel, and then kindly proposed that I should go behind the scenes and see my friend in her dressing-room. I did so. My friend had ready dressed for the next act, and she came immediately out. I stood by the front, and she came on at the back. The stage was deep, and down the long and dimly-lighted aisle between the side scenes and the wall she came with swift steps, the golden sequins of her Venetian head-dress glittering in the glossy darkness of her hair, and her black eyes burning so brightly that when she first appeared, I saw them gleaming through the gloom before I saw the sequins. She put out both hands for a greeting, and rather Anglo-Saxon than French in its simple heartiness, and, after a few inquiries about people in New York, we fell into general talk, and I told her how very much I had enjoyed the performance that evening. A slight tinge of color came into her pale face (which the coming scene required not to be touched with rouge), not, I believe, at my compliment, but at her own consciousness, as she replied:—"Ah! Yes? I am delighted; for this evening I am playing with my whole heart."

After a conversation of a few minutes, in which she was full of life and spirit, she asked me to call on her the next day, when, as she did not play that evening, she would be entirely at liberty, and to come about 11 o'clock. I turned my head an instant towards Mr. Barry, who stood a little behind me, and, although my movement was as slight and as

quick as possible, when I looked again she was vanished out of sight. There was not a foot-fall, or the rustle of a gown, or even the clink of two sequins. I saw no trace or sign of the woman with whom I had been speaking the twinkling of an eye before. It was as if she had been swallowed by the earth, or to speak in keeping with the place where we were, as if she had gone down at my feet through a noiseless trap. I turned, with a look of amazement, to the manager, who said—"Just like her. Now she will stand by herself and take no notice of anything till its time for her to go on. Will you go to your box?" For, with all his polite attention, Mr. Barry, like a sensible manager, was not inclined to have loungers on the stage while the business of the scene was going on. But I needed no invitation to hasten to see that performance from the front.

The next morning I called at the appointed hour, and, after waiting longer than I thought I should have been kept alone when I was expected, the door opened, and there appeared, not Rachel, but her sister, Miss Sarah, who brought Rachel's regrets. She was not well enough to see any one. She was feverish, had a cough, and must nurse herself for to-morrow evening. I took this for a woman's and, if the ladies of the stage will pardon me for saying so, an actress put-off. I remember her high condition the evening before, and did not believe that she was ill at all; but that, being lazy, or bored, or indifferent, or occupied more to her taste, she had sent me this excuse. I should have felt certain of it if she had sent me also a certificate of her condition from her physician. But I wronged her. She had received her death-warrant, and was never well again. She played afterwards, but her performances were unequal in quality, and were frequently interrupted by her inability to bear the fatigue of acting; and ere long she went back across the ocean to die. Trifling as my misjudgment was—one of a kind that a man runs the risk of at least twelve times a year—I never looked again into her fading eyes, or heard her short, sharp cough without a guilty feeling. And still I have it, mingled with my pleasure at the thought that I saw, under such circumstances, and with such stimulating conditions of personal intercourse, the last really complete performance of her whom I believe to have been the greatest actress the world ever saw.

Will the world see another Rachel? I think not. Nature is not exhausted; but her riches are taken from her bosom only when they supply a need; and the need of great actors, or even of acting of a high grade, seems to be no longer felt. The drama, as an intellectual diversion of the mind from one channel to thought into another, has passed away, I think, forever. The public, even the cultivated public, in all countries, prefers that kind of theatrical entertainment at which it is not required to think. It asks, not diversion, a turning of the mind from one object to another, but the pleasure of the senses while the mind lies dormant. It seeks only to be amused. Of this mood, burlesque or "spectacular extravaganza" is the natural and inevitable product. We, of Anglo-Saxon race at least, have probably seen the last of our legitimate drama.

"THE ATLANTIC."

From the article entitled "Great Earthquakes in the Old World," we make these quotations:—

Part of the imperfection of the record in earlier times is due to the fact that, of the many thousand shocks in each century, not over the one-hundredth part are of such violence as to be long remembered for their effect. Thus the earliest records comprise only those disturbances which proved of great desolating power, or which were so connected with human affairs as to be deemed omens or judgments. It is only since the middle of the sixteenth century that telluric phenomena have been observed in the spirit of scientific investigation. The earliest recorded earthquake is that which is mentioned in the Book of Exodus as having attended the promulgation of the Mosaic law. From the obscure description, we may conclude that there took place something like a volcanic eruption attended by the usual shocks. The geological character of Mount Sinai accords well with the phenomena attributed to it, and although there is no evidence of any considerable eruptions within a time geologically so recent, there is no question of its true volcanic nature, nor is it improbable that sufficient activity to have produced just the phenomena described may have existed at that time without leaving any traces of activity. It is difficult to imagine any combination of circumstances better calculated to produce an overwhelming impression on an ignorant and imaginative people, than the events which Scripture asserts accompanied the giving of the law. Coming from a region of plains, where their previous experience had shown them only the most uniform operation of natural agents—where even the annual flood of the great river came with a regularity which took away from it all convulsive character—this impressive people were suddenly confronted with a most imposing volcanic mountain. And there, while the mountain roared forth the flames of an eruption and the ground heaved beneath their feet, Moses proclaimed those laws which sank so deep into the hearts of his people. Thus the code of laws which has had the greatest and most far-reaching effect of any ever given to man was stamped upon his mind by the awful phenomena of a volcanic eruption and an earthquake shock.

Four other events mentioned in the Old Testament seem to indicate the action of earthquake forces. The first of these is described in Numbers xvi, when Korah, Dathan, and Abiram were swallowed up by the opening earth; but the description of the circumstances does not make it quite clear what was the precise nature of the event which the historian meant to record. At a later time, near the close of the wandering in the desert, we have the singular account of the overthrow of the walls of Jericho, which is probably a confused description of earthquake action. After a lapse of six centuries, or about 900 B. C., we are again told of an earthquake, which is strangely described as a great and strong wind which rent the mountains and broke in pieces the rocks. But for the context, which puts the nature of the event beyond doubt, one might feel a doubt as to the character of the force displayed. A few years later there was probably a considerable convulsion in Judea, inasmuch as we find in Amos i, 1, and Zechariah iv, 5, events dated during the reign of Uzziab, King of Judah. A very severe convulsion desolated Palestine about 33 B. C.; there is no mention of it in the Scriptures, but profane writers assert that thirty thousand persons lost their lives. In the New Testament there is a single earthquake recorded, namely, that which occurred on the day of the crucifixion. The description of the events connected with this shock, though brief, is quite in accordance with the usual results of earthquake

action. The rending of the veil of the temple, the quaking of the earth, the sundering of the rocks, are phenomena which can be referred to no other agent. It is not a little remarkable that the two most important events in the history of the Jewish nation, if not of humanity, the giving of the Mosaic law and the death of Christ, should have been accompanied by the awful phenomena of earthquake shocks. Those who believe that the circumstances which surrounded these events are quite mythical must still find this an interesting fact; for it would, if that view were correct, show how deep an impression these serious convulsions had made on the minds of the Jews.

The paper on "The Hamlets of the Stage" has the following account of Edmund Kean's visits to America:—

Early in 1820 he made his first appearance in this country at the new theatre in Philadelphia. His fame had preceded him, but he had George Frederick Cooke, and for several nights the admiration for that great actor created a few dissenters. They soon succumbed, and, on the fourth night of his engagement, when Kean appeared as "Hamlet," his position at the head of his profession was admitted. All our leading towns vied with Philadelphia in enthusiasm, and Kean crowned his popularity in Boston by characterizing the city as "the literary emporium of the New World."

But the spoiled child of fortune was soon to be visited with the displeasure of the other spoiled child, the public. Returning to Boston at an unfavorable season of the year, he appeared two nights to thin house and on the third, after counting twenty spectators through a loophole in the curtain, he abruptly went to his hotel. The theatre afterwards filled up to respectable numbers, and the managers begged him to return, but he declared that he would not play to bare walls, and that he was packing his trunk to leave the town.

It is hardly possible for us to realize how thin-skinned the American public, at especially theatre-goers, were to any fanciful insult from an Englishman, one or two generations ago. There are many cases in point—the national wrath, not only at foolish and unjust books, like those Mrs. Trollope and Basil Hall (though even they contained much unwelcome truth), but also at such comparatively kind ones as "Dickens's American Notes;" the indignant arraignment of Fanny Kemble for observing that few Americans are a horse well; and the bitterness kindled against Macready, in Baltimore, for his alleged remark that he could not get any work in America fit to make an arrow of for the shooting-scene in William Tell. Kean's foolish caprice in Boston was construed into English contempt for America, and so turned the tide of feeling against him that there were riotous demonstrations in various places, which drove him from the country.

Just before sailing from New York, I visited the Bloomingdale Asylum, as it was his habit to study manifestations of insanity for his great part of "Jenker." While there he astounded the superintendent by turning double somersaults across the garden, and his frenzy he would have leaped from the roof of the house if strong arms had not seized him and borne him away.

He greeted over the remains of great actor Frederick Cooke a handsome monument, bearing the inscription:—

"Three kingdoms claim his birth, Both hemispheres pronounce his worth."

It yet stands in St. Paul's church-yard, the corner of Vesey street and Broadway. O his last evening in America, tears stream from his eyes while he stood before it, listening to the chimes of Trinity, and singing with great sweetness, "Those evening bells" and "Come over the sea."

Kean carried back to England, as a most cherished relic, the bones of the forefinger of Cooke's right hand—"that digit which," which the great actor had used with such wonderful effect. Dr. J. W. Francis has carefully preserved Cooke's skull. One evening, many years later, when Hamlet was represented at the Park Theatre through some neglect no skull had been provided for the gravedigger's scene. A messenger from the manager hastened to Dr. Francis's office for one; and Francis furnished the only one in his possession—that of the veteran actor. Never before or since were the familiar phrases, "Alas! poor Yorick!" "A fellow of infinite jest, and most excellent grace," and "Your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar," uttered with such literal truth as by the "Hamlet" of that evening to the skull of the great actor.

Soon after Kean's return to England, his dissipation, and an intrigue in which he became involved, brought on a series of misfortunes, and finally drove him from the stage. He was finally deposited in health and spirits, and only the wreck of his former self, he revisited the United States in the fall of 1825. His first appearance in New York was prefaced by a pathetic appeal to the hospitality and mercy of the country. Certain of the "unco guid," and some of the he partisans of Booth, attempted to excite a riot; but is pleasant to remember that New York gave to the unfortunate tragedian a generous and hearty welcome.

Revisiting Boston, he said, in a very humble apology published in all the morning newspapers:—"Acting from the impulse of irritation, I was disrespectful to the Boston public. Calm deliberation convinces me I was wrong. The first step towards the throne of mercy is confession; to the hope we are taught, forgiveness." But five or six days had not cooled the rage, and he was twice pelted with nuts, cakes, and bottles. He retired to the green-room and wept like a child. Meanwhile the frenzied mob used bricksbats and clubs freely, and destroyed great deal of property; and Kean left the city by night to escape the imminent peril.

When Kean appeared in Philadelphia, rotten eggs and other missiles were rained upon the stage; but there was a strong police force present and arrangements had been perfected to call out the military, so order was quickly restored. Barricades were formed, and the storm blew over, and he fled by the narrow Atlantic cities with great success. Living admirers of Kean were never of dwelling upon the wondrous expressiveness of his black, brilliant eyes, his mobile features, his richness, depth, and melancholy of his voice, his passionate, meteor-like transitions, which thrilled the beholders with awe. Dr. Francis, in his "Old New York," describes him as "the most dexterous harlequin, the most graceful fencer, most finished gentleman, most insidious lover, most terrific tragedian." He had read history, and all concerning Shakespeare was familiar to him—time costumes, habits, and the manners of the age. Shakespeare was so familiar to him that I never knew him to look at the writings of the great poet, save once at King John, for my preparation for the stage. He was full of eccentricities, always requiring his servant to pick up and remove with him pair of tongs newspapers which annoyed him